

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee, (play?)

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:

Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,

And brought vs thus together?

Per. Sir, she is mortall; my wife's mine;

But by immortall providence, she's mine;

I chose her when I could not aske my Father

For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,

Of whom, so often I haue heard renoune,

But neuer saw before: of whom I haue

Receiu'd a second life; and second Father

This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I

Must aske my childe forgiveness?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with

A heauinesse, that's gone.

Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods

And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;

For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way

Which brought vs hither.

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzalo*:

Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue

Should become Kings of *Naples*? Or ioyce

Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe

With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage

Did *Claribel* her husband finde at *Tunis*,

And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,

Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome

In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,

When no man was his owne.

Alo. Giue me your hands:

Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,

That doth not wish you ioy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine,

amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:

I prophes'd, if a Gallies were on Land

This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,

That swear't Grace ore board, not an oath on shore,

Haft thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found

Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,

Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,

Is rytte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when

We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this seruice

Haue I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall euent, they strengthen

From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,

I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,

And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,

Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses

Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,

And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;

Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master

Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them;

And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,

And there is in this businesse, more then nature

Was euer conduct of: some Oracle

Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infect your minde, with beating on

The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure

(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolue you,

(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euer

These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull

And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,

Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:

Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet missing of your Companie

Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, drinking in Caliban, Stephano, and

Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let

No man take care for himselfe; for all is

But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Coragio*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,

here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be braue Spirits indeede:

How fine my Master is? I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*?

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,

Then say if they be true: This misshapen knaue;

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong

That could controule the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,

And deale in her command, without her power:

These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they

Finde this grand Liquor that hath gild'd em?

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,

That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:

I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a fore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you looke

To haue my pardon, trim it handfomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,

And

And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Affe

Was I to take this drunkard for a god?

And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine

To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest

For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste

With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it

Goe quicke away: The story of my life,

And the particular accidents, gon by

Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,

Where I haue hope to f

Of these our deere-belo

And thence retire me to

Euery third thought sha

Alo. I long

To heare the story of yo

Take the care strangely

Pro. I'll deliuer all,

And promise you calme

And faile, so expedition

Your Royall fleet farre

That is thy charge: Ther

Be free, and fare thou we

EPILOGVE,

spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my Charms are all ore-throwne,

And what strength I haue's mine owne.

Which is most saint: now 'tis true

I must be heere confinde by you,

Or sent to *Naples*. Let me not

Since I haue my Dukedome got,

And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell

In this bare Island, by your Spell,

But release me from my bands

With the helpe of your good hands:

Gentle breath of yours; my Sailes

Must fill, or else my proiect failes,

which was to please: Now I want

Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,

And my ending is despaire,

Vnlesse I be reliev'd by praier

Which pierces so, that it assaults

Mercy it selfe, and frees all faultis.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,

Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an v

Names

Alonso, K. of *Naples*:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duk

Antonio his brother, th

Ferdinand, Son to the K

Gonzalo, an honest old C

Adrian, & *Francisco*, L

Caliban, a salvage and d

Trinculo, a Iester.

Stephano, a drunken Bu

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to P

Ariell, an ayrie Spirit.

Iris

Ceres

Iuno

Nymphes

Reapers

Spirits.

FINIS.